

PEP



Bill of Rights

Q. 11

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Advent

1890

22

2014

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING



Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Name _____
Address _____ Age _____

CUT ON THIS LINE

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO SHIELD G-MAN MEMBERS-

Our country is in the throes of a life and death struggle with its enemies. Already, our brave soldiers are in mortal combat on the field of battle. Everyone of us, men, women and child will have to pitch in if we are to win. But aren't we doing everything we can, you might ask? People are working night and day building airplanes, battleships and guns. TRUE! But there is something just as important as these. It is a thing called "morale." Morale means a spirit of confidence, a faith in our ability to triumph. It means an implicit trust in our leaders, and a firm belief in our democracy—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

That is where we Shield G-Man members can do our parts. The Shield G-Man Club has grown into a nation-wide organization—greater than our fondest expectations. The reason it grew so quickly is because WE stood the thing it stands for—a club for real Americans, who believe in the American way of life. The more members we have, the further will our ideas spread. AND THE STRONGER WILL OUR MORALE BE!

So it is up to you boys and girls to keep the good word going. Get your friends to join the Shield G-Man Club right away. Tell them what the G-Man button stands for—Americanism.

There is an old phrase as typically American as the flag itself. You have heard it at football games, at baseball games and on the streets. You have probably said it yourselves without realizing its full meaning. It goes, "We can't be beaten if we won't be beaten." And from now on we are adopting this slogan. Every member of the Shield G-Man Club says, "They can't lick us!" The more people saying this, feeling this, the tougher it is going to be for our enemies.

Below are listed some of the honorary members:

Lyman Balard	John Connor	Fredrick Williams	Harold Marcus
Salt Lake City, Utah	Peoria, Ill.	Kansas City, Kans.	New York, N. Y.
Alfred Schmidt		Suzanne Stanley Ross	
Brooklyn, N. Y.		Kansas City, Kans.	

Joe Higgins (aka Blues)

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
WITH **DUSTY**
THE BOY DETECTIVE



NOW THE TALE CAN BE TOLD...
THE TERRIBLE TALE OF BLOOD
AND SACRIFICE IN THE STRUG-
GLE FOR FREEDOM, THE GLOR-
IOUS TALE OF THE SPIRIT OF
MAN WHICH REFUSES TO BE
CHAINED TO THE YOKE OF
NAZI OPPRESSION...
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR,
YES! BUT ALSO REMEMBER
ST. PIERRE, AND NEVER FOR-
GET MIGUELON BOTH TINY
ISLANDS OF FRANCE, MAN-
BORING THE GOUL THAT IS
REALLY FRENCH... A SOUL
THAT IS FREE!

ONE SMALL OBJECT
DOTS THE VAST EX-
panse OF WATER
OFF THE NEWFOUND-
LAND COAST-A SMALL
SLOOP BOOBING LIKE
A CORK ON THE
WAVES-



AND AT THE HELM JOE
HIGGINS, THE SHIELD-

SAILING SAILING
OVER THE SOUNDING
MAIN!



INSIDE THE CABIN
SITZ DUSTY, HIS
EARS GLUED INTENT-
LY TO THE APPA-
RATUS OF A
RADIO LOCATOR-

BOY BOY
I GOT IT!
I GOT IT!



JOE, I'VE
FINALLY LO-
CATED THOSE
RADIO BROAD-
CASTS-COM-
MON DOWN AND
LISTEN FOR
YOUR
SELF!



WHIM! THAT'S IT, ALL
RIGHT LAD! BROADCAST
IN GERMAN, TOO. NOW
TO TRACE IT TO ITS
SOURCE!



AND IT WOULDN'T
SURPRISE ME IF
THE SOURCE WAS
THE ISLAND OF
ST. PIERRE OR
BOY MIGUELON!

THAT'S
A HOT ONE
GERMANS BE
INGIVEN INFOR-
MATION ABOUT
OUR SHIPPING
LANES BY THE
FREE FRENCH!



AND SO THE
SLOOP POINTS
ITS PROW TOWARD
THE DISTANT
ISLANDS OF
ST. PIERRE
AND MIGUELON



THE SCENE
CHANGES FOR
THE MOMENT
TO A PICTUR-
ESQUE CHURCH
ON MIGUE-
LON IT-
SELF.



INSIDE THE CHURCH PEACE AND GENTLE WORSHIP SEEMINGLY PREVAIL AMONGST THE PEASANTS GATHERED FOR PRAYER...



AFTER MASS THE PEASANTS FILE OUT, HOMEWARD.



YOU WISH TO SPEAK TO ME M'SIEUR LECURE ?

YES, PAUL !



ER, EVER SINCE I REPLACED THE OTHER PRIEST A MONTH AGO, MY FLOCK SEEMS TO ACT RATHER...ER...DISTRUSTFUL TOWARD ME !



I AM SURE YOU'RE MISTAKEN M'SIEUR LECURE !

BUT NO, THEY SEEM TO PLACE MORE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR GRAND-FATHER ! YOU KNOW, I TOO LOVE FRANCE, PAUL !



OH, I AM SURE, YOU DO, M'SIEUR !

I SHOULD LIKE TO BE CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE ON THIS ISLAND, WOULD YOU HELP ME, MY SON ?



ER, WELL... MAYBE I CAN !

LATER, PAUL RETURNS HOME...



PAUL, WHAT DETAINED YOU ?

THE CURE GRAND-FERE !

I TOLD HIM ABOUT THE MEETING WE'RE HAVING TONIGHT !



HMM ! SUPPOSE HE CAN BE TRUSTED, AFTER ALL HE IS A PRIEST !



HEARD OF HINT SACRE BLEU?...
HE'S PRACTICALLY A SYMBOL OF
WHAT WE FREE FRENCH
STAND FOR—LIBERTY,
EQUALITY AND
BROTHERHOOD!



IF YOU ARE
FRIENDS OF
US THEN
YOU ARE
FRIENDS
OF US
FREE
FRENCHMEN!
FOLLOW US!



WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

TO A MEETING OF
ALL WE FRENCHMEN WHO
LOVE FRANCE—AND HATE
THE INVADERS WHO ARE
BLEEDING OUR COUNTRY
TO DEATH!



CITIZENS! I HAVE
BROUGHT TO OUR
MEETING FRIENDS
OF THE SHIELD!



BIEN!
THE
SHIELD!
VOILA!

LET US
SING OUR
NATIONAL
ANTHEM—
ALLOUS,
ENFANTS
DE LA PATRIE!



THEN ON YOUR FINGERS
EMERGING FROM
THE SHADOWS CREEP
STEALTHILY TOWARD
THE GATHERING

THE CURSED FINGERS
OF THE NAZIS ARE
REACHING OUT, EVEN
TO THESE ISLANDS
TO STRANGLE US TO
DEATH. ALREADY
MANY OF US HAVE
MYSTERIOUSLY
DISAPPEARED,
BUT WE
SHALL
FIGHT
TO THE
LAST!



THE THE NAZIS!



TRAITOR—
OUR DOGS!

WILD MELEE
ENSUES...



COME ON DUSTY
TIME FOR THE
SHIELD AND
THE BOY
DETECTIVE!



BOY, HAND
ING IT OUT
TO THOSE
NAZI
MUTTS IS
GOING TO
BE A
PLEASURE!

A
PLEA-
SURE?
IT'LL BE
POSITIV-
ELY A
LUX-
URY!



LET'S GO SHIELD
YAHOO!



PAUL
IT IS A
MASSACRE

SACRE DIE
HOW THEN
CAN FIGHT?



HA HA HA...
I GUESS WE
EXHAUSTED
THEIR PATIENCE.
SHIELD!



HERE! YES-BUT ONLY IF
WE'VE GOT TEMPORARILY. NOW
SHIELD THAT THE NAZI SPIES
YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
THEY'LL GET YOU. NOW
DO THEY FIND OUT
ABOUT YOUR MEET-
INGS?



I MENTIONED IT TO TOL
CURE. GRAND PÈRE.
HE SAID HE WISHED
TO BE ONE OF US!



WHAT! SHOULD
NOT HAVE
DONE THAT!

WHO
IS THIS
CURE
ANYWAY?



LAST MONTH OUR BELOVED
PRIEST STRANGELY
DISAPPEARED. THEY TELL US
HE'S TAKEN SUDDENLY.
THEN THIS PRIEST
CAME TO TAKE HIS PLACE!



BUT WE
DO NOT
TRUST
HIM! WE
DO NOT
THINK HE
IS PRIEST
AT ALL!

YOU
THINK HE'S
A SPY? I
WELL, I
THINK
SO TOO
NOW!



AND I'M GOING
TO THE CHURCH
AND HAVE A
TALK WITH
HIM!



LIGHTS!
HE'S IN
THERE
ALL RIGHT!



SAY, THAT'S
FUNNY. THAT
PRIEST IS
PLAYING THE
ORGAN!





THEY KNEW THAT IF THEY SET UP A
RADIO STATION OPENLY, UNCLE
SAM WOULD BE ON THEIR
NECKS!



THESE ISLANDS ARE "FREE
FRENCH" IN NAME ONLY!



THE U.S. STILL RECOGNIZES THE VICHY
GOVERNMENT SO
UNCLE SAM'S HANDS ARE
TIED!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO—
AND I'M GOING TO DO
IT RIGHT NOW!



THE SHIELD
MAKES
HIS WAY
TO THE
AIR PORT.



OOOPS! DEUCED
CLUMBY OF
ME!



NEXT STOP:
ENGLAND!



ON THROUGH THE NIGHT SPEEDS
THE SHIELD...



UNTIL AT LAST-ENGLAND!



NO 10 DOWN IN ST-THE HISTORIC
SEAT OF THE ENGLISH GOVT.

AND THESE ISLANDS OF ST.
PIERRE, AND MIGUELON ARE
SO STRATEGICALLY SITUAT-
ED THEY WOULD BE INVALU-
ABLE TO OUR
CAUSE, YOUR
EXCELLENCY.



I AGREE WITH YOU, GENERAL
DEGAULLE, BUT TAKING
THESE ISLANDS THE WAY
YOU SUGGEST WOULD BE
VIOLATION OF THE PRIN-
CIPLES WE ARE FIGHT-
ING FOR, IF THERE
WERE SOME LEGITIMATE
REASON.



SUDDENLY--

THERE
IS-YOUR
EXCELL-
ENCY!



SUPPERING I TOLD YOU
THOSE ISLANDS WERE
BEING SECRETLY
USED BY THE
GERMANS TO
RELAY MES-
SAGES TO THEIR
SUBMARINES. PROVE
IT!



YES, BUT THERE IS
SOMETHING EVEN MORE
IMPORTANT THAT YOU
COULD PROVE TO THE
WORLD. PROVE THAT
THE WEAPON THE
DEMOCRACIES HAVE
IS MORE POWERFUL
THAN ANYTHING THE
FASCISTS CAN
PRODUCE!



THAT WEAPON
IS CALLED A
FREE MAN'S VOTE!

BY JOVE, YOU'RE
RIGHT, SIR!



SO WITHOUT ANY FURTHER FORMALITIES
THE FREE FRENCH FLEET IMMEDIATELY SETS
SAIL FOR THE FREE FRENCH ISLANDS.



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF DUSTY
AND HIS NEW-FOUND FRIENDS?



PAUL, YOU MUST
LEAVE THIS ISLAND!
EET IS NO LONGER
SAFE FOR YOU!

NON, GRAN
PÈRE... I
STAY WITH
YOU!



LE... YES, LE CURÉ.
CURÉ? YOU DO NOT
SEEM
PLEASED
TO SEE
ME?



LAST NIGHT, SOMEONE
ENTERED MY CHURCH,
AND RATHER UPSET MY...
ORGAN, M'SIEUR?... A
RATHER SACRILEGIOUS
THING TO DO - N'EST
CERAS-?



SACRILEGE? NO ONE
HAS COMMITTED
GREATER SACRILEGE
THAN YOUR IMPERSON-
ATION OF A PRIEST.
YOU NAZI SPY!



... PUT AN END TO
UR CLACKING
TONGUE, OLD FOGE!



GRAN
PÈRE,
SPEAK
TO ME!

WHY,
YOU DIRTY
MURDERING
DOG!



I'LL BEAT
YOU TO A
PULP FOR
THIS!







HANGMAN

AT A FASHIONABLE NIGHT CLUB
HARRY, THE MAGICIAN, SEES A
CURIOUS VISION...

I SEE A RUBY... YES, I SEE
IT PLAINLY! SOMEONE IS
WEARING A RUBY... THE
RUBY OF DEATH!

THIS IS THE STRANGE TALE OF
A RED RUBY WHOSE COLOR
GLOWED BRIGHT WITH THE
BLOOD OF MEN. IT IS A STORY
OF TIBET AND THE LITTLE
KNOWN MYSTERIES OF THE
LAMAS, THE TIBETAN MONKS,
WHO ARE SAID TO POSSESS UN-
CANNY POWERS AND TO KNOW
SECRETS UNKNOWN TO MAN...
AND IT IS A STORY OF ORGONS
WHO DESPED THEM, AND WHAT
HAPPENED TO THEM AFTER-
WARD... A STRANGE STORY,
YES... BUT READ IT FOR
YOURSELF...



IT IS A WOMAN...
A LOVELY WOMAN...
SHE IS SOMEWHERE
IN THIS VERY ROOM!

HARRY I HAVE
THE STRANGEST
FEELING THAT
HE MEANS
ME!



IT WAS ON A BITTER NIGHT OF FROST AND WIND THAT THE MEN CLIMBED TO OUR LONELY LAMASTERY.

WE FOUND THEM STARVING, FREEZING, AND WE WELCOMED THEM INTO OUR LIGHT AND WARMTH.

FOOD WE GAVE TO THEM, FOR IT WAS THE WISH OF OUR LEADER THE GRAND LAVA NONE BE DENIED SHELTER, NOT EVEN THE TRACHEROUS VINEGARDOON.

BUT ALL THE WHILE THEIR HEARTS WERE BLACK WITH VILLAINY. WHILE WE MADE THEM WELCOME THEY WERE PLOTTING AGAINST US....



THE NIGHT WHEN THEY THOUGHT WE WERE ALL ASLEEP THEY ENTERED THE THRONE-ROOM TO STEAL THE RUBY.

BUT ONE OF OUR MONKS SAW THEM. BEFORE HE COULD CRY OUT THEY STRUCK HIM DOWN...



THEY HAD PREPARED WELL. BY MORNING WHEN WE FOUND THE BODY OF OUR BROTHER MONK, THEY WERE FAR AWAY.



FOLLOW THEM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, AND DO NOT RETURN WITHOUT THE YES-Y RUBY MASTER!



SOON AFTERWARD IN OBEDIENCE TO THE COMMAND OF THE GRAND LAMA, I SET OUT ON THEIR TRAIL.



IN A VILLAGE I DISCOVERED A MAN FROM WHOM THEY HAD RENTED A BURRO. I LEARNED THEY WERE MANY DAYS AHEAD OF ME.



BUT I HAD TAKEN THE SACRED OATH. NEVER, NEVER, WOULD I ABANDON THE SEARCH. I WOULD COVER THE EARTH TO FIND THEM.



FOR WEEKS, TRAVELING BY EVERY MANNER OF STRANGE CRAFT, I NEVER LET THE TRAIL GROW COLD.



AND AT LAST MY PATIENCE WAS REWARDED. I FOUND A MAN TO WHOM THEY HAD TRIED TO SELL THE RUBY ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE.





I DIDN'T KNOW THE RUBY WAS STOLEN! OF COURSE I'LL BE GLAD TO COOPERATE IN ANY WAY I CAN!



I HAD HIM CALL THEM AND SAY HE WANTED TO BUY THE RUBY. THAT NIGHT WHEN THEY CALLED.



THE...THE MONK.



GIVE ME THAT RUBY TRAITOR!

BLOODY SHOOT! WE'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!



THEY WERE FOLLOWING ME AND I HAD TO LEAVE THE RUBY AT A PARCEL STATION IN AN INNOCENT LOOKING PACKAGE.



I INTENDED TO COME BACK FOR IT LATER, IF I WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE THEM.



BUT WHEN I DID SO BACK, I FOUND THE PACKAGE HAD BEEN GIVEN TO ANOTHER BY MISTAKE.



SINCE THEN I HAVE BEEN TRACING THE RUBY. TONIGHT I FOUND IT AGAIN! SAW IT GLOWING LIKE A DROP OF BLOOD ON THE THROAT OF THE WOMAN WHO WAS MURDERED!



BUT KEITH MORGAN WAS HERE... HE SAW IT TOO! AND NOW HE HAD STOLEN THE JEWEL AGAIN!



KEITH MORGAN? ARE YOU SURE?



YOU ARE SURPRISED! KEITH MORGAN, THE WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY MAN AND EXPLORER! YES! HE WAS ONE OF THE MEN WHO CAME TO THE LAMASTERY THAT NIGHT LONG AGO. ONE OF THE MEN WHO STOLE THE JEWEL! THE OTHER WAS A TRAITOROUS MONK CALLED THE VIKERGARD WHOM WE HAD CAST OUT OF OUR TRIBE!

DON'T WORRY! IF YOUR STORY IS TRUE I'LL GET BACK THE RUBY FOR YOU. THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE BLOOD SHED FOR THAT JEWEL!



AS THE MAN LEAVES, THE WATCHER WATCHES HIM WITH A MYSTERIOUS SMILE.



MEANWHILE KEITH MORGAN, THE EXPLORER, HAS ARRIVED OUTSIDE HIS APARTMENT.



AT LAST... THE RUBY IS MINE!



HOW IT SLOWS LIKE A LIVING PLANE. MURDER WAS WORTH WHILE FOR SUCH A TREASURE!



JUST A MINUTE WHY? WHY IT'S...



SUDDENLY HE LOOKS UP. HIS FACE DISTORTS... WITH HORROR.



VINEBAROON YOU? NO! NO! DON'T KILL ME!

THE GRIM SHADOWS ON THE WALL TELL THEIR OWN TALE OF VIOLENCE AND DEATH.



SO, BENE? YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD CHEAT ME OF MY SHARE OF THE RUBY, EN?









WITH A QUICK GESTURE THE
CROOK RECOVERS HIS GUN...



PRETTY SMART EH HANGMAN?
WELL MY STORY ABOUT THE
RUBY WAS TRUE... EXCEPT
FOR ONE THING.



THERE WERE THREE
MEN NOT TWO WHO
WENT TO THE LAU-
ASTERY I WAS ONE
OF THEM! AND THERE
REALLY WAS A HORN
FOLLOWING US!



HE GOT THE RUBY,
LIKE I TOLD YOU...
BUT HE DIDN'T KEEP
IT LONG WE FOUND HIM
AGAIN... KILLED HIM.
THEN WE FOUND THE
PARCEL TICKET ON HIM,
BUT SOME ONE HAD
GOT THE PACKAGE
BY MISTAKE



SO THEN
I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR
IT... SO WERE
THEY! BUT
I GOT
IT...



AND WITH YOUR HELP
HANGMAN I DON'T THINK
A LAUGH IS TOO BAD
YOU AREN'T ANY USE
TO ME ANYMORE!



LINE UP AT THE
HANGMAN
MOVIE.



AS THE CROOK FLEES
THE HANGMAN
LAUNCHES HIM-
SELF IN A DARING
TACKLE.



BOTH MEN CRASH WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT. THE HANGMAN IS FIRST TO RECOVER.



HE'S DEAD!
HIS
NECK'S BROKEN -
JUST AS IT
WOULD HAVE
BEEN BY THE
HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!



AND THE RUBY HE
DIED FOR - IT'S GLASS!
THE PAUL BROKE IT
INTO A THOUSAND
PIECES!



SAY,
WHAT'S
GOING
ON
HERE?

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
OFFICER. THERE'S
NOTHING THAT
WE CAN
DO NOW!



IRONIC, ISN'T IT? THREE
MEN DIED FOR A GLASS
RUBY, AND ALL THE
WHILE, THE REAL RUBY
HAS BEEN ON ITS WAY
BACK TO ITS HOME IN
TIBET!



THE MONK DELIBER-
ATELY CHECKED A
FAKE RUBY TO
THROW THEM OFF
THE TRAIL. HE KNEW
THEY WERE GOING
TO KILL HIM, AND HE
WANTED TO GAIN
TIME. HE
SUCCEEDED
BETTER
THAN HE KNEW!



THREE WISE MEN, AND IN
THE END THEY WERE ALL
OUTWITTED BY A SIMPLE
TIBETAN MONK. TODAY
IN A LA MASTEY HIGH
ON THE SNOWY MOUN-
TAINS OF TIBET THERE
RICHLY GLOWS IN AN
IDOL'S FOREHEAD
A RUBY.



AND THE MONKS
GATHER STILL TO
WORSHIP BE-
FORE IT AS THEY
HAVE WORSHIP-
ED FOR COUNT-
LESS CENTURIES
PAST!

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY
MURSELL

CHEER UP BOYS!
REMEMBER THAT
SILVER LINING!

UNCLE! YOU KNOW YOU
JUST TELL ME ABOUT THE
SILVER LINING! YOU
WAS TRANSPORTED TO THE
BACK AREA THAT'S
LET ALL YOUR TROOPS
GO... YOU'RE IN FOR IT!

THE FIGHTING
IS ON - IT'S THE
WAITING AROUND
FOR AN ORDER
THAT GETS UN-
DER MY SKIN!

AND HOW
DO YOU BOYS
WANT TO GET
TACKLED AND
GET IT OVER
WITH!

THEY COULD
INVADE THE
ISLAND AND
PARTIAL FOR
1-2-3 THERE
WAS BE SOME
REASON!

THEY'RE
TRYING TO
UP OUR MORALE
BY PLAYING
THOSE OLD
1-2-3 THERE
WAS BE SOME
REASON!

COULD WE GET
SOON THEY ARE
HONORABLE BATTLE
IN OUR HANDS!







WELL THERE'S
NOBODY TO
BE A BLANDON
YOU'LL
WHERE'S HEY?

MA WA WE WENT
TO TOWN ON WHO
WAS YELLING OUT
SOME PROBABLY
SOME OF THE BOYS
HAVING FUN!



YOU BETTER STAY
HERE TILL I GET
BACK AND THEN
SAY ARE YOU
THE SHON!



TAKE CARE OF
THE KEY TO OUR
ZIPPERES!
BUT FOR I'LL GUARD
ON HER IT
DON'T LOSE IT!

DON'T WORRY
SAYING
SAYING
WE'LL
WE'LL



OH, HEY
YOU'VE
LEFT A COIN
LET'S CHECK
IT!
AND I'M
KINDA WORTH
FOR THE B.L.T.



NOW WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

THAT'S THE
SAME SCREAM!
SOMEONE'S
CARRYING THIS
JOKE TOO FAR!



NO MORE PROBLEMS
WE HAVEN'T GOT
ALL NIGHT!

YAY
MORE WANT
BOYLE!



IT'LL BE GLAD TO
GET THE PERSON
OFF TO NEARLY
COOKING!

YOU SAID IT
WAS HOT!
IT'S
HOT!



NOT HERE!
HE'S HOT!
SOMEONE
WAS CALLING
FOR HELP!
SOMEONE
WAS CALLING
FOR HELP!



COME TO TUNE OF IT
I WONDER WHO WAS
BEHIND THAT YELLING!
LET'S GO SEE!



AND THOSE GUYS
WOULD HAVE BEEN BACK
LONG AGO! I HOPE THEY
DON'T MISTAKE US FOR
THE LOCAL LIVE STOCK!



NOTHING BUT
SWAMP LAND DOWN
THERE! WE BETTER
GO BACK AND
REPORT...





OK, THERE IT IS, BUT
LEAVE THE SUIT OFF FOR
A WHILE - WE'LL NEED
IT!



THOUGH I TOLD YOU
TO HURRY ALONG,
NOW I FINISH
YOU OFF!



THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK!



THESE KNOTS
ARE BLANK
NOW IT'S
COMING!

GET UP IN A TREE AND
START BURNING THE
FOOTSTEPS
BUT FAST!



HUNT UN...
...ER...
AH... AH
AHH!



NO NOISE!



HOW LONG WE
BURN WAITING
BASED THAT
CEMENT SETS
FAST!



ABOUT AN
HOUR? LET'S
GO SEE!



WELL I LOOK
ALL THE NEES
FISHED TAKING
THEIR SATURDAY
NIGHT BATH!



AMERICANS!
CHARGE THEM!



LATER...

BOY! WE'LL
HAVE TO USE
PICKS TO GET
THOSE GUYS
OUT!



C'MERE,
PELLAS
CAPTAIN
TWEED'S
IN SOME
TROUBLE!



HIS KEY SEEMS TO
BE MISSING. HE THINKS
HE DROPPED IT IN THE
SWAMP WHILE HE
WAS POLISHING
CEMENT!

Jolly ROGER

WHILE FIGHTING ON
THE RUSSIAN FRONT
JOLLY ROGER AND HIS
SKY PIRATES VISIT
A RUSSIAN BAZAAR
TO HAVE SOME FUN.

OH, ONE OF US IS FROM THE STATES
AND THE OTHER FROM "DOWN UNDER"
AND WHEN WE GUN OUR FLYING B
CRATES
WE SOUND LIKE MACE'S OWN
THUNDER AND IF YOU TANGLE
WITH THE SCOT, YOU'LL FIND YOUR-
SELF WHERE IT'S BLAME HOT—
WITH OUR
BROWNING GUNS A-SPITTIN'!



NOW
LOOK AT
THAT
GIANT
SWING!

BOY, IS
THAT
GOSPERN!
SAY PRICE
I BET YOU
WOON'T CARE
TAKE A RIDE
IN IT!

HOOT
MON-AYELL
TAKE YE
COO ON
THAT BET!



NOW WATCH
THIS, BANGS! I'M
GOING TO HAVE
SOME FUN WITH
PRICE!

UNKNOWN TO PRICE, ROGER
TIES A ROPE TO THE BACK
OF THE SWING. ———

WOTCHA,
DOM' ROGER?

SHHH!





ROGER AND MARTIN ARRIVE AT SINGAPORE...

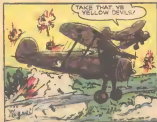


ROGER AND MARTIN BE-DORTING FOR DUTY

OH YEE YOU ARE AMERICAN, AREN'T YOU, ROGER? WELL WE HAVE A UNITED COMMAND HERE NOW SO YOU WILL STAY WITH US FIRST PATROL WILL BE IN THE MORNING



MARTY'S PREDICTION IS CORRECT---FOR DAYS ON END THEY ARE BUSY FIGHTING OFF JAP HORDES---



AS A REST---THE TWO SKY PIRATES ARE GIVEN ANTI-SUBMARINE PATROL IN A QUIET SECTOR---





ROOFAH!
TODAY WE
GET A WEEK'S
FURLOUGH!

WHAT FUN
WILL THAT
BE WITHOUT
ROGER AND
MARTIN!



HERE
ARE
YOUR
PASS-
ES

I SAY, COLONEL
HAVE YOU ANY
OBJECTION TO
OUR USING
OUR SHIPS FOR
A LITTLE
TRIP



WHY NOT!
A SHORT
HOP IS
O.KAY!

THANKS, GO
OWN PRICEY,
LET'S GET GO-
ING!!



SURE WHERE
OUR SHORT
HOP WILL
TAKE US,
PRICEY!

HOOT MON!
WE'RE GOIN'
TO PAY
ROGER
AND MARTY
A VISIT



THAT'S
RIGHT!

WELL NOT ABE
WE WAITING
FOR LET'S
GO!!



I BET THEY'LL BE SUM-
MERSED TO SEE US!



BUT ROGER AND MARTY OUT ON PATROL,
ARE GETTING OTHER SURPRISES!

LOOK MARTY!
A JAP AIRCRAFT
CARRIER!

HOW DID IT
GET WAY IN
HERE?



WE'VE GOT TO GET
THAT CARRIER BE-
FORE IT'S PLANE
GET AT OUR
FLEET!

WE HAVEN'T A
CHANCE! THESE
CRATES ARE TOO
SLOW TO DODGE
THOSE FIGHTERS!
OH, FOR A COUPLE
OF SPRITES!

SUDDENLY—THROUGH HIS RADIO, ROGER HEARS A SONG—

IF YOU TANGLE WITH THE SCOT OR ME, IT WITH THE BRITON—

WHAT THE 'IT CAN'T BE, BUT—

IT MUST BE 'NOBODY ELSE WOULD KNOW THAT SONG! 'SAY PRATES, ROGER CALLING—WE'RE IN TROUBLE AT '50 OZS—COME QUICKLY!

PRICE AND ROSE GET THE MESSAGE—

FULL SPEED AHEAD, PRICE! OUR DALS ARE IN TROUBLE!

THERE THEY ARE NOW!

JUST IN TIME!

TAKE THAT! YE BLASTED YELLA BELLY!

GOOD WORK BOM—KEEP 'EM OCCUPIED WHILE MARTY AND I TRY FOR THE CARRIER!

MARTY GETS AN IDEA.

BOSS, I'M GOING DOWN AND LAY A SMOKE SCREEN AROUND 'EM—THAT'LL BLIND 'EM FOR YOU TO GET A GOOD SHOT HOME!

GOOD BOY, MARTY!

HERE! COME!

MARTY CIRCLES CLOSE TO THE JAP CARRIER, BLINDING ITS GUNNERS.



THEN ROGER SWOOPS DOWN AND HEADS INTO THE SMOKE.



"THIS IS SWEET NO 'BUCK' TO BOTHER US 'TIL THE LAST MOMENT!"



"RIGHT ON THE NOSE! LET THE TORPEDO GO!"



ROGER'S TORPEDO HITS A VITAL GROT.



BACK AT THEIR BASE, ONCE MORE, ROGER MAKES A REPORT.

"WHAT? YOUR FRIENDS FLEW HERE FROM THE RUSSIAN FRONT?"



"BECAUSE YOU HAVE BROKEN REGULATIONS, I'LL HAVE TO REPRIMAND YOU TWO!"



"HOWEVER, YOU ACHIEVED SUCH SPECTACULAR RESULTS THAT I'VE ARRANGED FOR THE FOUR OF YOU TO BE ORGANIZED INTO YOUR OLD JOLLY ROGER SQUADRON."

"THANK YOU, SIR!"



"OH, WE'RE THE JOLLY ROGER BOYS? WE'RE SPORTING FOR A SCRAP. THE GERMANS GOT THEIR BELLIES FULL—NOW WE'RE A READY FOR THE JAPS!"

Archie

McFadden

LET PEOPLE
SEEK TRUTH BY
AGREEING THAT
NOW SAY THEM
SOMETHING
QUICK BREATH!
THEY SEEM TO GO
TOGETHER, DON'T
THEY? AND IF YOU
ARE NOT CONVINCED
YET, JUST WAIT
UNTIL YOU READ
THIS STORY.

BOYS AND GIRLS
WELCOME TO THE
ARCHE COMIC BOOK
EXHIBIT - A VERY IM-
PORTANT ONE IN-
DEED (COUGH
COUGH)









AND THAT'S ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET IF YOU WIN THE ELECTION!



I'M CERTAINLY IN NO POSITION TO DO MY HOMEWORK TONIGHT—I THINK I'LL GET THEODORUS AGAIN!



WELL?

HEYA, TROY? SAY, I'VE GOT A FEW MATH PROBLEMS DUE TOMORROW AND YOU'RE SO SMART—I THOUGHT.



UMPH! MY DEAR MR. ANDREWS, I SHOULD DO THE HOMEWORK OF MY PRECIDENTIAL OPPONENT! REALLY YOUR SALLY IS OUT OF THIS WORLD!



BOY, I'M GETTING IT FROM ALL SIDES! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE I DON'T GET ELECTED OR I'LL FLUNK MATH AND GET MY FACE PUSHED IN!



OH, VERONICA, HAVE YOU BEEN JUDGED?

HE'S IN THE GYM. SAY, UNCO, YOU WIN THE ELECTION, ARCHIE?

DON'T SAY THAT, VERONICA!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? YOU'VE GOT TO GO DOWN FOR THE HANGMANT!

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M PUTTING AN AD UP FOR YOU WISE-GUY!



WELL, YOU CAN TAKE IT DOWN—RIGHT NOW!

WHADDAYA MEAN! I SPENT ALL NIGHT FIXING THAT DUMMY AND THAT'S THE THANKS I GET. GEE, THINK OF THE PUBLICITY. IN TWO MINUTES THE WHOLE SCHOOL WILL BE IN HERE FOR RECESS!











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WITH ANY

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